

THE BLOOD OF
THE GODS

By DAVID P. HATCH



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THE BLOOD OF THE GODS

A MONOGRAPHIC TREATISE OF THE
TEMPERANCE QUESTION

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CHAPTER I

THE BLOOD—THE LIFE

THE ancient Greeks and Romans had a myth that in the veins of the gods flowed a fluid called ichor, that their food was ambrosia, their drink elixir, and that they dined on Mount Olympus. This conception undoubtedly arose from the love and worship of nature. While this was purely myth, it was, nevertheless, based upon an idea, and, like all other things, the conception of it had its foundation in a principle that is universal. It meant nothing more to the thinking portion of the ancients than that it was possible for one to so live and care for the physical body that he could realize the almost boundless delights of both body and mind, and this alone from pure physical conditions.

It represented to the people of that period the possibility of a long and ecstatic existence, by the union of a clean intellect and pure emotions in a perfectly healthy body.

To the gods of ancient Greece and Rome were attributed all the preëminent qualities within the subtle conception of those people. They conceived it possible by right living that a pure kind of blood, unlike that produced from the food of ordinary mortals, would flow in the veins of its devotees. Back of this conception, we say, there was a cause, a law, of which the conception was the result. As the conception was grand and noble, the cause must have been likewise.

Do not misunderstand me. I am speaking now from the standpoint of the physical, from the point from which we involve and evolve, or take in and give out; the body being composed of that of which the earth,

air and other gases are made. Now to maintain the unit body the size of a man requires perfect balance. We carry around in a balanced condition just so much physical substance and no more. We grow just so tall, our teeth are just so long; all on account of physical balance. This is governed absolutely by the law of balance. Man grows till he reaches a certain height, when suddenly he stops at command of this law. Should he continue to grow he would be out of harmony with his surroundings; he would violate the law of balance, which places its hand on each thing and says, so far and no farther. Therefore, to dominate a certain amount of matter, man must keep his balance between the eliminative and nutritive conditions. He must unload and load up continually, keeping a just proportion between the supply and demand, also a just distribution among the organs. Now by means of the blood, to a certain extent, is this done; so physiologically we say, The Blood—The Life. The blood keeps the balance of power, provided it is pure. It distributes and carries enough, and no more, to enable each organ to get its appropriate food. It is eminently just in its distribution, unless man loads it beyond its power of equalization, or fails to give it enough and thereby impoverishes it.

Let us examine the source from which this conception of the Greeks and Romans arose, to see if it be possible, from a pure physical condition, to increase our physical powers; also to what extent right living induces a clear intellect and pure emotions, thereby intensifying our pleasures and enjoyments, both physical and psychic.

First, let us consider the blood, as did the ancients, as the source from which intense pleasures and enjoyments arise; not that ethereal fluid supposed by them to flow in the veins of the gods, almost colorless, but the ordinary blood of mortals, that varies from a thin, lifeless fluid to the heavy, overloaded blood of the

glutton. For in this stream flows every element that goes to make up the human system. It is the fluid where more especially the possibilities of the physical life reside, as it is, in a sense, the seat of the feelings and the passions from which arise our intense sensations and emotions. Being the source by which our vigor and strength are maintained, upon its purity and quality depends the power of the unit of force, called man, to generate energy to its limit. It is the stream flowing through the body, loaded with freight for every cell, tissue and organ in the entire physical system. It is the source of both disease and health. Whatever is taken into the stomach that is of use to the system is digested and discharged into this stream. Health and disease must come to each part of the body through this source in proportion as it carries too much or too little of food supply in the blood. It is, in fact, the fountain out of which all we receive in the physical sense must come.

We do not intend an elaborate discussion of the blood in a complete and scientific sense, but only in a general way to consider its parts and their uses, together with its function in reference to the entire physical system considered as a unit.

Generally speaking, the blood is known to consist of serum and white and red corpuscles. The red corpuscles are the oxygen carrying parts of the blood. They take out of the air the oxygen, while they throw off the carbonic acid gas collected from the various parts of the system. Carbonic acid gas constitutes a very small part of the air we inhale, while the air exhaled contains at times almost four per cent. of carbonic acid gas. It is the duty of the red corpuscles to gather oxygen from not

only the air in the lungs but other sources, and to distribute it to each and every cell in the body, as its needs demand and the supply can furnish; while it is equally the duty of the white corpuscles to act as the scavengers of the whole system. Being very much in the minority, they are furnished by nature in sufficient quantity to protect the system against infection, showing most conclusively that the danger from disease in a normally healthy body is as 1 to 700, or about that, this being the proportion of white corpuscles to the red ones. In case of invasion by bacilli at any point, or from bruises or inflammatory conditions, these white corpuscles rush to this point, and by enveloping, surrounding and absorbing the bacteria, kill them off; and only do they fail in this warfare when the bacteria are very virulent or are found in too large numbers to be handled.

Pure blood is of a bright red color, while impure blood is dark, almost black. The causes resulting in impure blood are as numerous as the causes that result in pure blood, but diametrically opposite in their nature, as is shown by their results. It is an axiom in science that like causes under like conditions produce like results, while unlike causes produce unlike results. Impure foods and liquids when taken into the system cause a poisoned condition of the blood; also by wrong and improper feeding of the body, the blood suffers a loss in its coagulating property, hence its power to stop bleeding when the body is cut or lacerated, and hence it continues to flow beyond the normal amount.

I have not used alcoholic drinks in any form for a period of ten years. I had my blood examined recently by one of the best experts on the Pacific Coast, Dr. R. Wernigk of Los Angeles, with the following results:

BLOOD.

Specific gravity, 1059.

Haemoglobin, 95.

R. B., 4,300,000 per cubic millimeter.

W. B., 8,000 per cubic millimeter.

Glycogen reaction, none.

REMARKS.

Differential count:

Small lymphocytes, 25 per cent.

Large lymphocytes, 3 per cent.

Eosinophils, 3 per cent.

Mast cells, 0.75 per cent.

Polymorphonuclear neutrophils, 68.25 per cent.

The red blood corpuscles are normal in size, color and number; no poikilocytosis, no nucleated red blood corpuscles, normal cohering tendency forming rouleaux, no normoblasts. The leucocytes are fairly normal in number, showing active ameboid motion.

This is the condition of the blood of a total abstainer.

In a very brief and general manner we have attempted to show the composition of the blood and the various duties of the white and red corpuscles which compose it. We will now consider the body as the one and the many—the unit and variety.

We cannot conceive of the body as a whole without considering it as having parts. Neither can we conceive of the various parts without at the same time considering them as being parts of some whole, or one thing. Each part considered as a part only is complete in itself; it possesses its own form, has its desires and aspirations, and entertains no regard or respect for any other of the parts which go to make up the whole to which the part itself belongs. No one organ cares in the least for another organ. Each part or organ is supremely selfish and desires to predominate to the exclusion of all other parts. Nothing pleases any one

organ of the body more than to receive all the attention to the neglect or destruction of the others. The head may ache, the back may feel pain, the stomach be out of order, some particular organ or part of the physical system is not working well, and we begin to give it attention. The trouble increases. Shortly our whole effort is required to nurse this particular part of the body to the exclusion of all other parts. We become all head, all back, or all stomach, so far as a realization goes that we are a unit or a whole, to the great disgust of all the other parts of the body and the unbounded delight of the part petted and humored.

The desire of each organ or part of the body is to specialize along the lines of its own individuality. Just so long as it can attract the attention of the controlling unit of force it finds a pleasure in getting worse, which is nothing else than specializing in its own peculiar manner. It becomes rebellious when disciplined, and annoys the other parts of the body like a spoiled child. It cares not whether the other organs are impoverished or destroyed, or what becomes of them, so long as it can have its own sweet will and be allowed to specialize in accordance with its own peculiar nature and without interference from its environment or the other parts of the unit, man, to which it belongs.

To illustrate: Take the palate or the sense of taste. It specializes along its own appropriate line to such an extent that it can distinguish the slightest degree in the flavor of any particular food. It selects some one kind that it appreciates more than all others, and demands that this particular food or liquid be furnished to the exclusion of all others and to the destruction of the other parts of the whole of which it is a part. Predomination, to the exclusion of all unlike itself, is a law inherent in every cell and organ of the human system, and equally true is this throughout all nature.

We will now consider this question of "The Blood—The Life" from a psychological point of view, or the inter-action between the soul or mind and the purely physical body. This may furnish us with some sound reasons why we should in every possible way keep this channel of communication pure.

We assert that the blood is the means or nexus of conscious life between the immortal and the mortal man, speaking psychologically. This statement may seem startling at first, but let us see. Man's eternal home is in the final substance. This must be conceded if we watch his coming into differentiated matter and observe his departure. His life in concrete matter is temporary and transitory. It, therefore, is not and cannot be his eternal home.

When man comes out of his eternal home into the kind of matter of which earth and the solar system is made, in order to live in it consciously, and be able to express himself, he must balance with it. Did he not abide by the law of differentiated matter he could not express himself, or even live in it consciously. This law of differentiated substance is none other than rhythm, or involution and evolution—action and reaction.

Admitting this as our foundation for the assertion "The Blood—The Life," we can readily see that the blood is the chief means by which this is accomplished. Psychologically, conscious life results from friction of subject with object. It is the establishment of relations that arise through variety, manifestation, or motion in any form. It follows then, that the Ego or immortal unit must unite with physical environment through some nexus that connects the two. At this point comes in the blood as the nexus between soul and body—mind and matter.

The blood is the medium that distributes nutrition

and carries off the eliminations, thereby keeping up a proper balance among all the organs of the human system. Our activities in all directions depend upon the perfectness of balance maintained in the body as a unit. Let one single organ get out of order from any cause, and the whole system becomes more or less affected. But should several organs become diseased at the same time, or out of balance, we are pronounced sick. With the physical system not working harmoniously, the psychological side of our nature cannot balance with it. The psychological and physical sides of ourselves are opposites, and what you can posit of one you cannot of the other. Thus if the physical or matter side can become unbalanced, and we know this to be a fact, the psychological or mind side cannot act properly, and the mind or soul being perfectly balanced cannot adjust to an unbalanced or inharmonious physical, so as to express itself to the limit.

Now if the blood is the life, psychologically, what kind of life will be expressed in ourselves, or how can we manifest consciously in differentiated matter that is unbalanced, full of discord, lacking all harmony? Simply, our self-consciousness will manifest the same conditions, in so far as the mind pole is affected by these conditions. It follows then, that in order for the soul or mind of man to express itself properly, in its true nature and full power, the blood should be pure and free from all disease. Everything that goes to create disorder, or in the least to benumb or harden the organs, especially the brain cells, through which the mind side of man more especially manifests, should be eliminated. The purity of our minds must of necessity depend to a great extent upon the conditions of our physical system, and that in turn depends entirely upon the purity or impurity of our blood. We, therefore, say, "The Blood—The Life."

As so much depends upon the perfect condition of this stream that supplies every organ and cell of the entire body, both of happiness and sorrow, how careful and conscientious should every individual be as to what he supplies it with, and how sufficient and properly equalized should be that supply with regard to the entire system considered as a unit. There might be certain indulgences in the matter of food or liquids that are quickly eliminated from the body, but there are others to which the word "temperate" can have no application. Among such may be mentioned alcohol and opium. The only words to be used in this relation are total abstinence.

The reason is obvious. Alcohol paralyzes the brain cells; it incapacitates them for the work they are intended to do. The mind expressing through them fails, in just the proportion that they are impaired, to give its best results. The Ego cannot and does not justly and truthfully present itself, but is constantly obliged to falsely impress its individuality. It is obliged to adjust to the means it has for expressing in differentiated matter, and if the brain cells are partially incapacitated from any cause, to that extent is the expression false, or falls short of its full intent and meaning. The reason why people feel so much better under alcoholic influence temporarily, is due to the fact that functions which ordinarily have control are paralyzed. Alcohol acts especially on the brain cells, but acts, nevertheless, on all the cells of the entire physical system, and to a great extent on the nerves; while opium acts more on the nervous system and benumbs the entire body. Thus we are compelled to say that the word "temperate" in regard to the use of either drug has no place in our vocabulary. Nothing short of total abstinence must be the watchword.

CHAPTER II

THE DEVIL—WHAT IS IT?

The Devil assumes many disguises and passes under many names. He is called the Evil One, Saturn or Satan, The Tempter, Beelzebub, the Old Serpent, Belial; among the Persians, Ahreman. Then there is the "Devil on Two Sticks," Asmodeus, and the Cartesian devil, or "Bottled Imp."

The Devil takes many forms, solid, liquid and gaseous; besides he has the power of transforming himself into an Angel of Light. He, or it, is a Saraphita—Sraphitus, in that it has male and female attributes.

The Devil is seductive, persuasive, insinuating, and at times beautiful. One of its names is "Alcohol." Under this liquid guise it sparkles in champagne with the charm of crystals; it glows in wine like rubies; in whisky it is the hue of amber, and in its pure essence, alcohol, has the white water of the diamond. On the palate it thrills and promises; in man's central system it stimulates and temporarily inspires; flying through the blood it sets the heart to an ecstatic beat and the brain on fire. Man drains the glass to the dregs; swallows the Devil and imagines himself a god for a space of time. Then reaction sets in, a glimpse of hell appearing, he quaffs the Devil's soul again, again, and again.

Man is a fool; he forgets the ugly, unformal aspect of alcohol, which is reaction. This is the Devil's other face. It is dirty, swollen, leering; its eyes full of rheuma and water, a nose monstrous and red, disheveled hair, drooling mouth, and a vacant stare. Its form is ill-dressed and shaky. Its knees tremble, give way, or stiffen. Its hands are clutching. Its finger nails are

foul. It stumbles, falls, rolls in the gutter. It gets up cursing, to fall again. Its brain is stupid, dizzy. Its stomach is sick and vile. The Devil-god, Alcohol, has turned his other side—reaction, to the world, and hid his charms in a dung heap.

In a previous chapter we stated that the blood was the medium or nexus of conscious life between immortal and mortal man, speaking psychologically, and that the psychological or mind side cannot act properly or express itself truthfully through an inharmonious, discordant and unbalanced physical side. Neither can the mind side of man express itself to the limit of its power under discordant conditions. It is curtailed just to the extent that the physical side is impaired from any cause.

The blood being the stream into which all foods and liquids are emptied after digestion, and from which all organs and every cell of the entire physical system are supplied with proper or improper nourishment in quantities sufficient for their demands, such being the fact let us inquire how alcohol affects this fountain from which all our vigor and strength must come.

It is true that alcohol affects various people in different ways, but it is equally a fact that on all it has damaging results physically and degrading effects mentally, by reason of the physical discord and unbalanced condition of the whole system produced by its use.

We have seen that in order that the unit of force may maintain so large a body of matter as that of man, each organ must be in a healthy, active and vigorous condition, and that such condition in turn depends upon the purity of the blood. To this statement we have been unable to find a contradiction from any intelligent authority. Even those who advocate a moderate use of alcohol in some form or other, admit that the results arising from such use are the same as here stated.

We also admit that individual predisposition, and also the susceptibility of special organs of the body are important factors in the etiology and pathology of alcoholism. We can all recall from our experiences some persons who drink beer, wine and other spirits in moderate quantities through many years without apparently injuring their general health, but these apparent exceptions are very rare; in fact, when we question closely we find that they are not exceptions, as will be shown later on. There are others so extremely susceptible to the action of alcohol that they are intoxicated by quantities sufficiently small to show no manifest results upon other persons. Between these two extremes there are all gradations or degrees of alcoholic influence on every individual addicted to its use.

As there can be no cause without its effect, and as all effects must in the end exactly balance their cause, we can readily understand that if we take into our physical system anything that causes injury, however slight, to that extent have we poisoned that which supplies the very vigor and strength of the entire body, in its parts as parts, and as a unit.

Let us now consider the effect of alcohol on the various organs of the body.

Liquid substances that are taken into the stomach do not remain there long, as do most solids. This is true of alcohol in particular. It is almost instantly absorbed in the veins of the circulatory system and taken into the lining of the stomach, where it is at once sent to all parts of the body through the exceedingly fine blood vessels which carry the current of blood. It is never digested as are solid foods. It will be understood that these blood vessels are under the control of tiny muscles which are lodged in their walls, and that the blood-forwarding capacity of these vessels depends upon these almost infinitesimal muscles. The muscles in turn are

also controlled by what is known as vaso-motor nerves. These nerves when in a proper and healthy condition, direct the muscles of the blood vessels so that there is a proper adjustment of the blood-vessel capacity, and thereby blood supply, to all parts of the entire physical system precisely in accordance with the needs of each part or organ.

Now this vaso-motor regulation is seriously interfered with by alcohol. It is here where a large part of the damage is caused by the use of alcohol. It is accomplished by a paralyzing of the blood vessel walls. They become weakened and unable to perform their natural functions. The result is that the flow of blood through them is not properly controlled, and rushes at greatly increased rate and beyond the amount needed by the various parts of the system. This results in an immediate increase of heat on the surface, and the flush of color is caused by the presence of this larger flow of blood. Judging from these results, persons were led to believe that alcohol produced warmth in the body. The truth is just the opposite. The heat of the body is brought to the surface by the increased flow of the blood and is radiated away from the surface, and so far as the body is concerned, it is lost. At the same time there is no increase whatever in the production of heat within the system to make good this loss. The result is that the temperature of the body has been reduced. This is the cause of the chilliness felt by every drinking man after the temporary excitement has passed off.

Again, the heart is affected by the vaso-motor paralysis caused by the use of alcohol. In order that the heart should have the proper blood-pumping action, it should meet with a certain degree of resistance in the course of the blood route through the body. The heart's muscular tension is adjusted to a naturally healthy action and condition of the body. Take this away, or impair it in

cles the blood-purifying process is impaired and the whole physical system suffers a corresponding loss. Here as in the heart, fatty degeneration is common among beer drinkers, as the slightest observation will prove. When the breathing operation becomes exceedingly uncomfortable and laborious, "shortness of breath," under which so many beer guzzlers labor, is due in most cases to muscular impairment of the diaphragm and intercostal muscles. The result of imperfect oxydization of the blood is that the red corpuscles are affected in size and shape. They become irregular, angular, and the healthy roundness so essential to their easy passage through the capillaries is seriously impaired; this becomes an obstruction to the natural flow of blood through the entire physical system, a condition which often results in sudden death. The tangle or clogging of the corpuscles causes coagulation of the blood in some important part of the circulation.

The necessity of an abundance of oxygen in the system in order to enjoy perfect health will be admitted even by the drunkard. It acts as a scavenger to the entire system. Independent of science we know from everyday experience and observation that it is oxygen that attacks the body of a dead animal and removes it, mostly in the form of invisible gases. It is on the same principle that it acts on the internal system of a live body when it rushes with the blood through that body and carries away the dead matter of worn-out tissues. Now we know that in order to have a clean and healthy body, this waste and effete matter must be carried off. Unless this process is carried on normally and naturally, the body becomes diseased, unhealthy, imperfect in its functions, and cannot truthfully represent the immortal man. We know also that alcohol is antiseptic and opposes this action of oxygen. For this reason dead bodies when placed in alcohol are preserved from decay indefinitely,

showing conclusively its unnatural and abnormal action on all animal substances. So we assert that just in proportion as alcohol is present in the blood, the purposes of oxygen as a waste remover are defeated.

It is not surprising that a person addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks becomes weak and morbid and a rich soil for the growth and development of the seed germs of numerous malignant and epidemic diseases. We further reason that all this detrimental effect upon the physical system is but one-half the damage done, for it is not the physical system alone that suffers, but the psychological man is made to express itself foolishly, falsely and viciously. Man becomes untrue to himself, morally and physically.

Next in consideration is the stomach. Since alcohol remains in this organ so short a time, it may be supposed to produce no very serious effects, but this is not the fact. Just as soon as it is swallowed it comes in contact with water contained in the delicate mucous lining of the stomach, and at once absorbs it and carries it into the blood. Now the gastric juice depends upon the healthy secreting power of this stomach coat. As we have seen, alcohol obstructs the nutritive functions of this lining, and to the extent of this obstruction it falls short of rendering perfectly its natural service. The whole evil does not lie in the fact that alcohol interferes with the production of the proper quantity of gastric juice, but is further augmented by the fact that the gastric juice is made almost ineffective by the use of alcohol. This was demonstrated by Dr. Henry Monroe of England, and can be repeated by any one who has the means for so doing. "Placing some fine minced beef in three bottles he added to the first gastric juice and water, to the second gastric juice and alcohol, to the third gastric juice and ale. All were exposed to a temperature equal to the usual warmth of the stomach. The

result, briefly stated, was that while the beef in the first bottle promptly began to change and pass on uninterruptedly to a perfect digested condition, that contained in the bottles in which the gastric juice was mixed with alcohol and ale was not digested, and the pepsin or active principle of the gastric juice having been prevented by the alcohol from producing its proper effect upon the meat was separately lodged in the mixture."

It will undoubtedly be suggested that as alcohol remains in the stomach so short a time, it ordinarily but briefly interrupts or delays the digestive process. We do not contend that one drink makes a drunkard, or that one drink will permanently injure the body, but we are speaking of the person who drinks more or less each day or nearly every day—a moderate drinker. And what can be said of a moderate drinker will apply with greater force to one who is intemperate in the use of alcohol. Thus it will be seen that if a person is in the habit of taking drinks each day, if only a few, it will be impossible to avoid permanently injuring the stomach. Just in proportion as the drinks are repeated will the danger increase.

It is admitted that indigestion is a common complaint among moderate drinkers. While it is a notorious fact that persons "on a spree" have no appetite for foods of any kind. The numerous cases of dyspepsia are explained by the same cause. Another reason is that the inner coat of the stomach is abundantly supplied with blood vessels. So perfectly are these distributed that the nice blending of their colors gives to the lining membrane a rosy appearance. The irritating effect of alcohol soon brings on a swelling or congestion of these blood vessels, and when the drinking is continued for ten or fifteen days the derangement of the entire lining of the stomach becomes terrible, deranging the entire

physical system. If the offense against the body is continued, ulceration sets in; finally in the last stages of delirium tremens, and often before that period is reached, the stomach is "brozed, ulcerated and burned." Life becomes unbearable; the psychological or moral side can express itself only as a fool. All moral sense has departed. The intellectual flame is barely perceptible. The man stares vaguely, as an infant, less the infant's freshness. All sense of the fitness of things has gone. His taste for alcohol has predominated to the destruction of the entire physical system. He is practically dead, both as to the mortal and immortal sides of life.

Let us next consider the effect of alcohol upon the liver. After the alcohol has been absorbed by the veins in the stomach, the first organ into which it is taken is the liver. Next to the brain the liver holds the largest amount of blood. Here, also, alcohol is true to its nature, and at once begins to antagonize the liver's work of bile making. As in the case of the stomach, it inflames the delicate tissues of this important organ, causing fatty deposits as in the case of the heart. To such an extent is this done that the liver undergoes a false growth, in many instances to two or three times its natural size.

It has been stated that when the organs of the body are distressed by alcohol the self-sacrificing liver tries to save the rest of the body by taking into itself much of the poison, as a sponge takes in water. But this is a mistake. As we have stated before, the ambition of each organ is to predominate at the expense of every other organ or part of the human system. It has no consideration for the other organs of the body. It thinks only of itself, and how it can specialize along its own peculiar lines. The reason it absorbs so much alcohol is that it contains more blood than any other organ

except the brain; hence contains more water, and as alcohol has an energetic appetite for watery fluids, and finding its greed satisfied by the liver, remains with it to the limit. The consequence is that the liver soon becomes a diseased and suffering organ. It becomes shrunken and hard, its surface is covered with projections like nail heads, it is known to the medical profession as "Hobnail" liver, from its resemblance to the shoe sole of a mountain climber.

We will next consider the effects of alcohol upon the kidneys. It is an admitted fact among those who have given it their attention, that these organs are especially liable to fatty degeneration from beer drinking. This occurs both within and without the kidney. In this condition the kidneys are almost totally disabled from separating from the blood the matter which it is their function to remove from the body, thus forcing this poisonous material back into the circulation; and, being poisonous, the most serious consequences are bound to follow. It has been stated on good authority that seven out of every eight cases of kidney disease are directly traceable to the effects of alcohol.

The question whether alcohol has any food properties, so long discussed among physiologists and doctors, has been scientifically and conclusively settled. Alcohol is not a food. On the other hand, it antagonizes every purpose which food was appointed to serve. The body rejects it, every organ is summoned to aid in its expulsion as a dangerous intruder. Using the language of another: "Food is digested, alcohol is not. Food warms the blood, directly or indirectly; alcohol lowers the temperature. Food nourishes the body, in the sense of assimilating itself to the tissues; alcohol does not. Food makes blood, alcohol never does anything more innocent than mixing with it. Food feeds the blood cells; alcohol destroys them. Food excites, in health, to nor-

mal action only; alcohol tends to inflammation and disease. Food gives force to the body; alcohol excites reaction and wastes force, in the first place, and in the second, as a true narcotic, represses vital action and corresponding nutrition. If alcohol does not act like food, neither does it behave like water. Water is the subtle but innocent vehicle of circulation, which dissolves the solid food, holds in play the chemical and vital reactions of the tissues, conveys the nutritive solutions from cell to cell, from tube to tube, and carries off and expels the effete matter. Water neither irritates tissue, wastes force, nor suppresses vital action; whereas alcohol does all three. Alcohol hardens solid tissue, thickens the blood, narcotizes the nerves, and in every conceivable direction antagonizes the operation and function of water."

There is a close relationship between the blood and the nervous system. The blood acts as a psychological stimulant and a regulator of the nerves. Healthy blood insures a healthy brain; impure blood, a weak and distorted brain. So complete has this fact made itself known to the medical profession that one of them invented the remark: "Neuralgia is the cry of the nerves for better blood." Alcohol does not remain long in the stomach, but is almost instantly taken into the blood vessels, and on account of the intimate relation existing between the blood and the nerves, both as a psychological stimulant and a regulator, alcohol, even in small doses, acts directly upon the nerve tissues. It is for this reason that we notice its almost instantaneous effect upon the brain. The nerve cells of the brain are stimulated into activity, impressions follow each other in an excited manner, thoughts appear rapidly, the tongue becomes loosened, words flow freely, the face becomes flushed, the eyes brighten, conversation becomes louder and more animated, the natural reserve of the individ-

ual is lost, things are said and done without consideration. It is the first stage of intoxication or drunkenness. If the brain could be examined at this time we should find the blood vessels of the entire brain dilated.

Perhaps the terrible, degrading and loathsome effects of alcohol upon the psychological man can best be described by showing the various stages of intoxication or drunkenness. The stages of intoxication are generally divided into three, but from a close observation of all the nervous and functional phenomena produced by alcohol, there are found to be many more. The first stage finds the participant fully satisfied with himself and the balance of the world. He forgets for the time being his sorrow and the unwelcome side of his life. He likes to tell his secrets and receive the confidence of others. His plans in life are revealed and expatiated upon as something out of the ordinary. When thus engaged, his eyes shine, the pupil is more or less dilated; his whole being takes on an animated expression. He becomes more interesting, if nothing more than as an animal. He tries to make a lasting impression with gestures. If he thinks himself a learned man, he will attempt to display it by recitations and quotations. If a person of great self-esteem, he will boast of his various exploits. If vain, he will tell of his love affairs and in what appreciation he is held by the opposite sex. If a professional man, he will recount some of his great deeds in that line. If a glutton, he will boast of how much he can drink or eat. The predominating characteristics of each individual are exploited during the first state of intoxication. The secret chambers of his soul are thrown open to the world. He has become a traitor to himself. He has fallen from his high estate as one possessing both an outward and an inner nature.

As he approaches the second stage of intoxication, he stares at you as though trying to ascertain the effects

of his conversation. In the second degree all the phenomena we have mentioned become more and more marked, and others appear. Thoughts are no longer consecutive; the individual becomes confused, wanders, and appears more or less dazed. The nerves of the tongue and throat are uncontrolled. His speech becomes thick and difficult. Hiccoughing takes place, showing the loss of control over the expectoratory efforts of the lungs. The lower lip sags; it has a puffy appearance, and trembles. The glance of the eyes becomes indistinct and shifting, or they assume a very brazen and defiant attitude. The eyelids become swollen, the face puffy and a deeper red. The hands are uncertain as to their exact destination. When standing, the body sways back and forth; the step is unsteady and trembling. Strange as it may seem, the legs are almost the first parts to be affected, though the farthest from the brain, and a little later on become entirely useless. The person may be able to control his looks and speech to a great extent, but his legs betray him, and never fail to indicate his alcoholic condition.

The third stage of intoxication is marked by various phenomena. This depends upon the individual characteristics of each, such as constitution, disposition, age and the length of time the person has been addicted to the use of alcohol. If it is the first time the individual has become intoxicated, the sudden and violent reflex action of the stomach is able to throw back the alcohol and thus rid the system of the poisonous effects of that portion that has not already been absorbed by it. But if the person has long been addicted to the use of alcohol, his tissues are accustomed to the poison, and he may by the constant use and habit overcome its active influence on the organism.

The third stage will show itself in various ways. The head becomes badly affected and vertigo is experienced. All sensibility is blunted; hearing and the sense

of smell are modified, and not infrequently completely suspended. Paralysis of the tongue becomes very marked, so much so that words cannot even be formed, much less uttered coherently. There is a complete unconsciousness in the higher centers. The individual sees double. The muscular attempts are very eccentric. They take the form of dancing and singing, with ludicrous results. As the action of the poison continues to take effect, the skin becomes numb, the breathing heavy, the eyes sightless, blurred and watery; the face livid; the teeth gnash together, often frothing at the mouth. The circulation is feeble, the heartbeats labored and intermittent, the temperature below normal. He gradually sinks into a deep and troubled sleep. Before this final result, the lowest instincts are active; animal passions predominate. Reason is dethroned. No animal is capable of showing such degrading tendencies or committing such unnamable offenses as man in this state of intoxication. All semblance of decency is gone. He becomes lower than the beasts, utterly loathsome, a thing to be shunned by every one. When this state of frequent intoxication is continued for a few years the nerves become shattered, the brain hard and shrunken, the man a moral and physical wreck. Delirium tremens, in which the mind becomes completely destroyed for the time being, occurs. Hardly can any condition of insanity exhibit such a fearful picture as this. In this state the person lives among the most loathsome objects. He sees and feels a worse hell than that pictured in the Inferno of Dante a thousandfold. Should you examine his brain, his spinal cord after death, the pia mater of the brain are found engorged with blood and the ventricles of the brain contain fluid which not only smells of alcoholic spirits, but will burn with a blue flame when a light is applied, and will give the characteristic reaction of alcohol. But let us close this picture, although the last word on the subject has not been spoken.

CHAPTER III

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEMPERANCE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

A temperate indulgence of all normal pleasures is surely not objectionable. Mark you, normal pleasures. There are times when one may indulge and fall into absolute rapture and ecstasy in the higher forms of happiness, where genius is called into action in its creative capacity, producing masterpieces in art, literature, music and all the higher aspects of life that stir the emotions to their depths. This is both healthy and uplifting—it is normal. Or one may go further and enter the dream state—the waking dream state, where he may revel in his own world, shut in from all that is outside himself, and bask in the glow and glamor of his own soul. It is normal. It is man's birthright, at times, to live within himself, to dwell on the ages long past as found within his own experiences, to call up memories that have slept for centuries and bring them into the now. (We define the "now" as that which is temporarily in self-consciousness and the past—its opposite, that which is temporarily absent from self-consciousness.) Nothing is ever lost. All that ever has been is stored in memory; every emotion, thought, act, or form may be recalled, and when so recalled, have the same activity as when it first came into our lives. To do this is your right, and no one shall say you nay.

What we have just said applies to the mental or spiritual side of ourselves; it has no application to the physical. In all physical matters the reverse is true. What you can posit of the mind pole of your being, you cannot of its opposite, the matter pole. In all conditions pertaining to the physical it is rarely ever wise to go be-

yond temperance. Indulgence physically acts reversely from indulgence mentally. To be God-drunk or soul-drunk, where reason and judgment sit enthroned in the background, is a source of great benefit and happiness. It produces superb health of body and great vigor of mind. Often persons becoming thus enraptured forget the body altogether; the rapture destroys the pain (if the body be in pain), or rather, removes the cause by producing perfect harmony of the discordant parts. The reaction from a judicious mental indulgence leaves no scars or trace of disintegration. Not so with physical indulgence; it is the opposite here. There is always a loss in vigor and harmony of the parts, that exactly balances physical intemperance. Having said this much on mental and spiritual raptures, we desire to confine the rest of this chapter strictly to the body. The animal, for the body itself is an animal, takes care of itself in a great degree.

Concerning the body, total abstinence cannot apply in all cases, as we could not live should we refrain for several weeks from eating, but in this all-important matter necessary to our physical existence, temperance is far better than over-indulgence, as many nervous and dyspeptic individuals will bear witness. But with this one exception, other indulgences of the body might be relegated to the state of total abstinence, and in many instances quite properly. However, conditions and circumstances alter cases. So we have only to use judgment and scan results in regard to all indulgences of a purely physical nature. We need not be told that every cause has its result, and that they exactly balance each other. As we sow, so do we reap. We cannot sow to sorrow and pain and gather a crop of joy and pleasure; it is impossible. Equally true is the converse. If we sow to happiness, we reap happiness. This fundamental principle should be our constant guide. If we sow to

sin, it will be useless to pray to God to change the crop. He cannot do it—law is changeless.

About some special indulgences of the body we should be very certain that we are prepared for the harvest, that we know how to transcend one law by another before we give it headway. Unrestrained license is often followed by the most appalling results, with which we are wholly unable to cope, and which destroy all pleasures during life, causing the individual to be shunned and loathed by all who come in contact with him. So the greatest care should be taken before we give free rein to any of our bodily instincts. The harvest should be carefully considered. The question asked—are we prepared for the reaping?

We hear very much about the laws of nature, often meaning the instincts of nature. Let us examine this phrase, so frequently bantered about by the ignorant individual. The word "nature" is a very much abused term, and it is rarely ever used except by selfish persons, and only by them so long as it sanctions their personal and physical indulgences. As soon as Nature shows her other face—that of the reaper and just judge, the individual unfairly ignores the term; it no longer has a charm for him. He objects to Nature justifying herself by the same means that he used to condone his indulgences. He shows his hypocritical side and gives himself the lie. He forgets that while he claims that his acts are natural, there are other things that are natural also—such as the harvest resulting from the sowing.

Nature spurs us on to drink the wine of life, but she is, nevertheless, changeless in her determination that we shall drain the dregs. She gives us freely of the wine of life, but is unalterable in her purpose. She has also given us a free will, allowing us to choose our indulgence, but by a just law compels us to take also its twin—the other half. Man's supreme prerogative is his rea-

son. He is his own judge; he is endowed with power of choice; he can be temperate or intemperate. In the finality he always decides for himself.

We say again that man's supreme prerogative is his reason. Does this not suggest that man should be guided by reason and not give free license to indulgence? Is it not one of the purposes of reason to judge? Does not our judgment furnish us a rule of conduct, and have we any just right to complain if, understanding right, we choose the wrong? It is cowardly to complain of the sorrow and sickness caused by our own wrong acting. In so doing, we stultify ourselves and proclaim our selfishness. The individual is a fool who acts like a beast and blames Nature. The very will which guides is in itself nature—man's nature, and all the nature there ever was or ever will be.

We are thus forced to the conclusion that temperance in most bodily acts is an essential characteristic. Eating, drinking, sleeping, in fact, every indulgence of normal bodily existence where total abstinence is not considered best, should be guided by temperance. There are other so-called pleasures to which we cannot apply the word "temperance" at all. One of these is the drinking of alcohol in any form. By its very nature it is destructive of growth. It is adverse to life in any form. Its effect is stagnation. Normal man is constantly taking in nutritive substances and throwing off useless matter. Alcohol destroys this power, causing a diseased condition of the physical system. Time, and a short time only, is required to completely destroy the body when alcohol is taken into it a few times each day.

It is a fact generally recognized that the alcohol habit is one of the main factors in determining length of life. Some of the English insurance companies have furnished figures showing that the average life of the total abstainer is nine years longer than that of the drinking

man. The Equitable Insurance Company of New York has published a statement to the effect that the death rate among "moderate" consumers of liquor is 23 per cent. greater than among the teetotalers. Some of the insurance companies on both sides of the Atlantic put abstainers in a separate class among their policy holders, making them a special allowance of 5 per cent. or more on their premiums. If men or women think they can be temperate in the use of alcohol, in any manner whatever, even in the smallest quantities, they are very much mistaken. They are dreaming a fatal dream, backed by their own egotism. All the best authorities on the brain, nerves and blood will give them the lie to their face. Yet in looking over the world, we find that a large proportion of its inhabitants are dreaming this fatal dream, living not temperate, but abnormal and inflamed lives. This fact is most glaringly demonstrated by the figures obtained at the time of the taking of the last census.

In the United States, according to the figures furnished by the Bureau of Statistics, there are consumed in one year nearly 40,000,000 barrels of beer, 98,000,000 barrels of proof spirits, and 30,500,000 barrels of various kinds of wine. These liquors sold to consumers in a single year form the grand sum of \$1,454,119,858. This is a vast amount of money, and it would have been better disposed of had it been thrown into mid-ocean.

A recent writer on this subject has made the following calculations. He says: "It would provide for 500,000 families, or a population of 2,500,000 persons with comfortable homes, clothing and provisions for twelve months. To each family it would give \$350 for provisions, \$80 for clothing, \$30 for shoes, \$20 for newspapers, magazines and books, \$50 for church and charitable purposes, and would build for each family a house costing \$1500, with \$350 to furnish it; thus giving to each of the

half-million families \$2380 and leaving a balance of \$264,119,000, to erect 52,818 churches, each costing \$5000. This is more than the entire population of the States of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine, North Dakota and Montana."

These figures are almost impossible for the human mind to grasp. Let us use another illustration to aid us in a partial comprehension at least of this enormous waste of the nation's wealth. For the same period of time, the population of the United States, amounting to 76,000,000 of individuals, expended for meats, game and fish \$660,000,000; for various kinds of breadstuffs, \$630,000,000, making a grand total of \$1,260,000,000; thus spending annually \$194,119,858 more for spirituous and malt liquors than for breadstuffs, meats, game and fish combined.

The American citizen does not stand at the top in respect to the use of alcoholic drinks. There are eight nations that outrank him in this respect. I will give them in the order of their consumption of alcoholic drinks, beginning with the one next in order above the United States: Austro-Hungary, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium and France. The Norwegian is the most abstemious nation in this respect, and is closely followed by Russia, Holland and Sweden.

This expense is not the only evil arising from the alcoholic drink habit. More than 60,000 persons in this country alone during the year 1905 filled drunkards' graves; seven for every hour of the entire twenty-four hours throughout the whole twelve months. This does not include that vastly greater number who pass under the title of "moderate drinkers," and whose life is shortened from eight to twelve years by diseases brought about through the slow but sure process of "moderate tipping." Add to this the sorrow and suffering caused

to the families, relatives and friends of those dead, and we have a revolting picture of mankind, sufficient to stagger the most stoic Greek.

This is no conjuring of the imagination, no word painting for effect, but the presentation of simple and easily-ascertained facts. All well-informed persons know that with all the precaution of the government's Internal Revenue Bureau and the agents appointed to ferret out all liquors manufactured, they could not have collected revenues on any more spirituous and malt liquors than were actually produced within the period mentioned.

The foregoing facts have been used to illustrate the enormous amount of evil produced by the use of alcoholic drinks by a nation that stands nearly at the foot of all nations in point of individual consumption. From the facts concerning this evil there can be no such thing as alcoholic temperance. It is so insidious that small, temperate doses are even worse than larger ones, and this by reason of its appetite-creating quality. Though the physical system might burn up a small amount of alcohol every day, it nevertheless takes on a craving that compounds upon itself at each indulgence, and any man who is the slave of a craving has a devil gnawing at his vitals eternally. The amount of energy used in fighting an indulged appetite saps the well springs of his being and leaves him weak, disabled and undone. In the natural and normal actions of the organs of man, such as eating, drinking, sleeping, temperance results in satisfaction and health, but as soon as alcohol is taken into the system, the natural and normal become unnatural and abnormal. A foreign element has to be met; an element that furnishes no sustenance, but destroys the healthy actions of all the organs of the body by paralyzing and burning them up—an element of as destructive a nature

as fire, and temperance regarding such an element becomes impossible. A man might as well try to be temperate in burning himself. A burn destroys the tissues, and the energy that nature uses in rebuilding the same reduces his strength below par, thus making him incompetent to compete with the world at large.

To all persons who seek employment, the habit of alcoholic drinking in any form becomes a serious question. Individuals who employ others in important business positions, all corporations and houses of trade, are exceedingly cautious about taking into their employment drinking men—those who have the slightest odor of liquor upon their breath. This precaution is growing stronger each year. Individuals who expect to accomplish much in any line of business, or in any of the professions of the present day, are obliged to abstain from alcoholic drink. They cannot compete with others in this strenuous age and attempt what they call "temperance" in the use of strong drink. Each individual is limited in his capacity for work, and just in proportion as this energy is consumed in retarded activities as well as in rebuilding tissue, does man fall below par and become relegated to the rear in the race for preferment in all walks of life.

If the pampered rich in that way choose to use up their surplus energy—those utterly useless individuals, who, like vampires, live by the stress and strain of others—if they choose this form of impossible temperance, one good alone can come from it; they will inevitably make away with themselves by slow but sure suicide, and no harm will be done to humanity at large.

Temperance is a good word and a strong word, and belongs to many of the indulgences of man, but when we mention alcohol "temperance" fades from sight and only total abstinence has any meaning in connection with it.

CHAPTER IV

VARIOUS SENSATIONS PRODUCED BY THE DIFFERENT DRINKS.

It is well understood by those who use alcoholic drinks in any form, that certain combinations of alcohol with other compounds produce different emotions, sensations and effects, both physically and mentally. The different races and nations have their own peculiar drinks, that are more or less universally used among themselves. This drink is found to maintain its hold upon the individual, although he leave his native land and become a citizen of another country. The German will have his beer, no matter under what government he may reside; the Englishman his peculiar brand of whisky or his ale and porter. Of spirituous drinks in America, whisky predominates, as does vodka in Russia; while in France and Italy a larger quantity of wine is consumed in some form or other.

It is true that temperament, constitution and the peculiar organization of each individual has more or less to do with the emotions and sensations aroused by alcoholic drink, as well as the mental condition of the imbibor at the time the liquor begins to take effect. Yet with all these modifications, there are peculiar characteristics that belong to each form of alcoholic drink that we wish to present in this chapter.

Alcohol is composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. A little more than one-half of alcohol is carbon, a little more than one-third of oxygen, and a little more than one-eighth hydrogen. To be precise, in 100 pounds of alcohol there are 52 pounds of carbon, 35 pounds of oxygen and 13 pounds of hydrogen. Alcohol can be made from many kinds of fruits and most kinds of grains,

for the reason that fruits and grains contain, among other things, the peculiar substance from which alcohol comes. In fact, alcohol is made from sugar, practically grape sugar.

Brandy is the strongest drink. No brandy contains less than one-half alcohol. Rum contains about 48 per cent. of alcohol, whisky from 45 per cent. to 48 per cent., and the various wines from 20 to 25 per cent. In beer there is from 6 to 8 per cent. of alcohol, and some brewing even much higher.

We will now consider some of the various kinds of intoxicating drinks, their amount of alcohol and some other compounds that compose them, the emotions and sensations they produce, together with their hideous results.

Rum is produced by distilling the skimmings of molasses and other saccharine products and the refuse juice of the sugar cane. The rum which reaches the American and European market is chiefly produced in the West India Islands and Guam. It is a distillation of a product fit only for scavengers. In some parts of the United States not many years ago, it was the principal intoxicant used. It contains about 48 per cent. alcohol.

The flavoring qualities of these various strong drinks come from the substances from which or with which they are distilled. Pure distilled rum is a colorless liquid, but as imported and sold it has a deep brown color imparted to it by caramel, or by storage in sherry casks, or both. It has a peculiar aroma, arising chiefly from the presence of a small portion of butyric ether. The pure quality is known as Jamaica rum, no matter where produced, while the worst quality is known as negro rum. It has its own peculiar intoxicating effects upon its victims.

Rum was quite the fashion in England and America

thirty years ago among the working classes. It was drunk by the English farmers at haying time, producing a somewhat exasperating effect upon them, realized painfully by their wives and daughters (those hard-working English women) through the snapping sarcasms and cross retorts of their husbands. But when the Irish workingman came home rum-crazed on Saturday night, it then behooved his numerous family to "look out." The children and the goat would hide; even the pigs seemed shy. The poor wife had but one remedy against a general smash-up of furniture and crockery, and that was "rum—more rum." If, luckily, she could get him dead drunk, and this was easy if she but had the devil on hand, and keep him so over Sunday, soaking his head under the door-yard pump Monday morning, she might perchance escape with the furniture and crockery intact, and her heart still beating.

Rum makes a man villainously ugly. The disturbing element in his nature is given free rein. A rum-drunk man respects nothing; he blasphemes the Almighty with his tobacco-soaked tongue (for rum and tobacco are twins), and proceeds at once to destroy His handiwork. This is inevitably the result of rum, modified more or less by the temperament of the person who drinks it. Nevertheless, it is a mean, low-down, dirty decoction, hardly fit for Satan himself.

Whisky in some form or other is the principal spirituous drink used in most parts of the United States and many other civilized nations. It contains from 45 to 48 per cent. alcohol, and is distilled in the United States chiefly from corn or rye and some few other grains. Originally it was made in Ireland and Scotland from malt. The Irish and Scotch whiskies are now made from the same substances. Its color, like that of rum, is produced with caramel and the charring of the inside of the

casks in which it is stored. When first distilled and before it has become mellow with age, it is answerable for an alarming amount of disease, violence and crime, which is not so great after it has become stored for a few years. The greatest amount sold over the bar and in bottles is in this raw and poisonous character. The extent of kidney and liver diseases is due almost entirely to this class of whisky.

Both in the kidneys and liver the effect of such spirits is to cause active growth of the supporting tissues of the organs at the expense of their proper metabolic tissues. In the liver it causes that condition that we have called "hob-nail" liver, and in the kidneys it causes a contracted and hardened condition, being one of the forms of Bright's disease.

Whisky has its peculiar intoxicating characteristics. Its dupes become hypochondriacs. A woman whose husband is a whisky drinker, even in moderate doses, is soon made aware that he is a chronic grumbler. Constantly depressed over his health, he complains somewhat of his liver and a great deal about his heart. He imagines that organ affected, and shocks his patient spouse continually with prophecies of sudden death. Something which he calls "an attack" will strike him at the most inconvenient time and unjustifiable places. In whining tones he will call his wife. "For heaven's sake, Mary, the whisky flask! I am dying! My heart! My heart!" Mary, who has the devil always handy, will press the bottle's mouth to her husband's lips for "a long-drawn-out kiss." "There!" he exclaims, looking lovingly at the amber fluid. "I am better now. Why am I so afflicted? Great heavens! What have I ever done that Providence should punish me like this?" So their life goes on, he complaining and imbibing, till at last his liver is too small for the microscope, and she is

anxious and gray-haired. Of all snarling hyenas and super cross badgers of earth, the whisky drinker moderate or otherwise, becomes the worst. He makes of himself an unmitigated nuisance wherever he goes. For a man with a liver—and a whisky drinker really has a liver, diminished in size, but tremendous in assertiveness—is beyond endurance, and out of order in this altogether too strenuous age.

Brandy contains more alcohol than any other of the well-known spirituous drinks. There are many kinds of brandy, besides those distilled from various wines, such as peach brandy, walnut brandy, and many other kinds from fruit and nuts that have their own peculiar characteristics, but the kind we desire to mention here is that generally used in commerce and distilled from the use of the grape. The peculiar aroma is due to ether and other volatile products. The greater quantity of brandy is distilled from the red wine, which is less pure and contains less aromatic spirits than light-colored wines. The effect of this drink is powerful. The brain becomes at once disturbed. This disturbance is immediately communicated to the spinal cord, and affects the nerves which branch out from it, to the extent that they lose their control over the muscles to which they go. The first to fail are those which go to the lower lip and tongue, resulting in stuttering. Next the nerves which go to some of the muscles of the lower limbs fail in control; this is followed by staggering. Soon after, the nerves fail to control the muscles of the eye, resulting in squinting. In the dreadful drunken stage, the brain becomes entirely confused, resulting in inability of the mind to rightly express itself; hence the better thoughts and emotions are suppressed, and the victim is controlled by his lowest and worst passions. The coward becomes more cowardly, the bold man more daring, the

cruel man more brutal. While these conditions are more or less characteristic of all forms of drunkenness, they predominate in drunkenness caused by brandy, on account of the larger quantity of alcohol the drink contains.

Gin was originally a Dutch compound, and is now largely used by those people. The several kinds of this concoction, are known as Geneva, Holland and Schiedam. The principal characteristic flavoring ingredient of the spirit is juniper berries. It contains from 40 to 46 per cent. alcohol, according to the taste of the rectifiers. There are other ingredients used to give it flavor besides juniper berries, such as orriander, angelica root and almond cake. It is used extensively by the lower class in London. In the eighteenth century gin shops multiplied with such rapidity, and the use of the beverage increased to such an extent, and so demoralizing was its effect upon its victims, that retailers actually exhibited place cards in their windows, stating that people might get drunk for one pence, and that they would for the same price furnish clean straw in comfortable cellars for their drunken customers. Its effects are most demoralizing, and the victims become enamored.

Gin is a woman's drink. That is, for some unexplained reason, women are apt to be inordinately fond of it. Perhaps the orriander, angelica root and almond cake appeal to them. However, they love it, fully as much, if not better, than men. It is fiery, quick in its action, mounting to the head, tingling in the tips of the fingers and toes, and in pain sometimes seductively soothing, a sort of elixir for modified toothache, cramps and "crick" in the back. A little gin after washing, a little gin after scrubbing, gin when tired, gin when cross, gin for trouble, anxiety, grief, so women who drink feel

about it, and have so felt since gin was first concocted. Of course men never refuse it—drinking men; but somehow women swear by it. Let two women get together for gossip about a neighbor—their hands dripping with soapsuds and their foreheads with sweat, and they are sure to “gulp down” a bowl of strong tea doctored with a dash of gin. And who can blame them? you say. Are they not slaves and drudges, treated like the very refuse of earth? Nevertheless they are making beasts of themselves, and stifling what little possibility they have of real happiness. Gin has a diabolical self-destructiveness all its own, and while fiery, is not so crudely raw as whisky or rum.

In wines there is great latitude as to the amount of alcohol contained. Some have as low as 12 per cent., while others run upward of 30 per cent. The taste differs in pure wines from that which has had alcohol added to it. A practiced wine taster will detect the addition of a small per cent. of alcohol to pure wine. It is claimed by some that for this reason, if no alcohol can be tasted in pure wine, no free alcohol is contained in the same. However this may be, the fact remains that alcohol exists in some kind of combination and produces its deadly results in proportion to the quantity the wine contains, the same as in gin, brandy or whisky, and in other purely spirituous liquors. Alcohol is the cause of the diseased organs, no matter in what combination it enters the system, or how palatable it may have been compounded. When it enters the stomach the quantity of alcohol remains, and the cause and its results exactly balance, the only difference being that the greater the quantity the more rapid the result.

Sherry is a general name for wines from various countries and is largely used by all classes. Pure sherry contains only about 12 per cent. of alcohol, but the

contains about 15 per cent. of alcohol, is of a white color and largely drunk by all classes of the Japanese nation. As no wines are produced in Japan, this is the chief intoxicant made. It has a peculiar effect upon those who drink it—a mild exhilaration sometimes. Absolute drunkenness can be produced, although seldom indulged in to that extent.

Another very insidious drink is the common beer. While it does not contain more than from about 6 to 8 per cent. of alcohol, and some may have as low as 4 per cent., yet on account of its very insidiousness, like other brewed drinks, makes them especially dangerous. While not so trying to the physical system at first, beer gradually but surely leads to the indulgences in stronger drinks. It is used in most all countries, especially in Germany. The German beer is much milder than that produced in Great Britain or the United States. Usually a bushel of barley in the United States or Great Britain will produce about fifteen gallons of beer, while in Germany statistics show that the average product from a bushel of barley is twenty-five gallons. Besides the devastating results it produces on the chief organs of the body, its peculiar intoxicating effects are heaviness and sleepiness. A man to get the due alcoholic effects desired is obliged to drink such large amounts of beer that his vital organs are put to great strain, dealing with so much liquid, and in the long run it becomes a very dangerous intoxicant.

There is a large class of drinks and concoctions in various nations, especially in the Orient, generally known as "poppy drinks." The knock-about, furniture-smashing methods of a drunken Occidentalist are astounding to a denizen of the Orient. Why a man should make himself so inartistically ugly as some of us Westerners do in our drinking sprees, is beyond his compre-

hension. He looks with horror upon a person pitching about the street, bespattered with tobacco juice which he mixes with profanity and sends broadcast, and with disgust at his drunken lack of taste and tact. The very insidiousness of our methods shocks him far more than the sin itself. The Oriental fully appreciates nerve thrills and nerve torpor, but he has no manner of sympathy with the chaotic "crash-up" in which the western world indulges when "it goes on a tear." To avoid this, the Orient gets its pleasure through drugs as well as alcohol, and saves its world from scenes. The Oriental and the Russian with their poppy wine do the same thing, making it possible to take exceedingly heady stuff through the counteracting influence of a narcotic.

To sum up, then, let us imagine the condition of a married couple where the husband has taken secretly to drinking. He imagines himself overworked or over-worried, or for some reason or other overdone. He slyly begins to take doses, perhaps of patent medicine. Up to this time he has been a most reliable husband, loving, frank and generous. Other phases of character, however, begin to manifest themselves shortly after his new habit is formed, most startling and mystifying to his wife. He is irascible and fault-finding without cause, suspicious and full of pessimism. He fails to account for his goings and comings, is absent-minded, and forgets or loses interest in his wife's affairs; and again becomes extravagantly interested. He seems always on the point of making some tragic revelation, implying by dark hints and surmises a series of possibilities that drive his wife nearly insane. He always seems to be the abused party; the whole world is to blame for every evil that befalls him, he alone being excusable, true and innocent. Vice versa, at times he heaps abuse upon himself, and frightens his better-half nearly to death. In

fact he leads her a hellish existence, because she goes it blind, not in the least aware of its cause and completely duped as to the reason for her husband's change of base.

Let us illustrate again. A woman nursing a child is a little weak and panicky, and her adored physician advises beer as a tonic and milk stimulator. Shortly she becomes quite unusual in her characteristics and a never-ending puzzle to her patient and well-conducted husband. She goes a little slovenly and a little lachrymose. Jealous instincts appear; she imagines things and accuses her dear John of acts he never dreamed of. She considers herself neglected, and drinks more beer as a consolation, berating her husband on general principles. Disgusted and mystified, his dream of domestic happiness dispelled, he goes to the beloved doctor and proudly consults him. "Brace her up, my boy; brace her up," he advises. "She is simply nervous; give her good port for a few months, then see." And so the farce plays itself out.

Imagine a man, made upright, erect in the sight of the universe, pitching about the streets, leaning against lamp posts, falling upstairs, as no beast on earth would deign to do. The beast, to be sure, as a rule crawls on four legs, but he goes about self-respectfully, gracefully, being lithe, artistic and true to himself in his environment. But the human being sins against dignity when he "loads up" with rum, whisky, wine or beer. He is ludicrous, pathetic and disgusting. His maudlin attempts to be super-dignified would be side-splitting if they were not so sad. His two legs were made to stand on like pillars of strength, but they wobble and give way. His two arms were made for hard service, but they refuse to work. His lips were made for golden speech, but they droop, and his mouth drools. Oh man! How contemptible you look beside a good, clean beast!

CHAPTER V

THE MAN OF SPREES AND THE MODERATE DRINKER.

The man of sprees is liable to be abstemious between hard spells of drinking, though this is not always the case. Generally, however, after a "spell," he finds himself such a wreck, and his stomach so affected that a revulsion of desire sets in, and he repudiates intoxicants of every kind—the very sight of them seeming to make him deadly ill. This being known, a scheme of preventive treatment has grown out of it.

Parents sometimes dose their children, who show a fondness for alcoholic drinks, with large quantities of the stuff, mixing it with their food, cooking it in with all they have to eat, until the patient, from the continuous sickness which it brings about, takes an absolute dislike to it that remains with him through life. The man who 'gets on a spree' will sometimes go a year or two without touching stimulants of any kind. Not from principle; but because of the hauntings and horrible memory of his last debauch; but eventually this fades into nothingness—a void is felt somewhere in his internal economy, and a longing desire attacks his tongue so fiercely that he would drain a glass of brandy straight and lick the dregs, smacking his lips and asking for more. This diabolic desire is exceedingly violent because of its long repression, and simply shows no quarter.

The man of sprees when the "spell" comes on, will degrade himself, no matter to what extent, to get a drink. He will lie, cheat, and possibly murder to satisfy the craving. Lock him in a room and he will crawl out, over the transom, or batter down the door. He will

sell his household goods and wares. He will sell the very bodies of his wife and children, that the liquor of hell may trickle down his throat and fire the blood in his veins. Nothing to him is worth while, or sacred, save alcohol. His conscience is utterly perverted, and, like an individual falling headlong from a great height, he cannot stop until the bottom is reached. He next finds himself a degraded mass of flesh and bones, too foul for a decent beast to sniff at, and fit only for the buzzards and flies.

Still, in spite of his apparent utter degradation, the man of sprees finds it quite possible to get on his feet again, and start life afresh. The reason lies in the fact that, though he has run the gamut of alcoholic debauchery, he was in fairly good condition when he began. Not having weakened his organs by steady drinking, though put to a severe strain, he is quite likely to rally, and after a period of rest, become again comparatively normal. Of course, this is not always the case. Sometimes one hard spree will kill; but, nevertheless, the man of sprees has a chance for a long life, far ahead of the steady drinker, though perhaps the latter never makes such a consummate fiend of himself at any one time.

The moderate drinker puts into years what the man of sprees condenses into hours. In fact, the moderate drinker is always more or less drunk, while the man of sprees is only so occasionally, and then diabolically so. The moderate drinker is rarely the more responsible man of the two, for he is always abnormal, always more or less under the influence of the devil, alcohol, and therefore to a degree irresponsible.

The man of sprees, on the contrary, advertises himself so far-reachingly—making a signboard of himself for the whole world to see—that when the fit is on him, he is left severely alone. The reaction, however, is so

evident, and his recovery so apparent, that people justly place confidence in him again, until signs appear of the next debauch, when some friend, perhaps, will pilot him off to the country, where he can have it out undisturbed. But the steady drinker is deceiving, both in himself and his actions. He manages to walk and talk straight, assuming a great deal of dignity which he is not entitled to, consequently misleading to the world, in the idea that he is an exceptional character. In reality he is slightly insane; his very egoistic dignity being one of the strong symptoms. The steady drinker is perennially alcoholized. Internally reeking with it—brain, liver, stomach, kidneys, sex organs highly inflamed and affected, everything he says and does is fevered and tainted. Also to cover his condition, of which he is generally conscious, he assumes great sensitiveness, pride and aggressiveness, flying in the face of anyone who dares to accuse him—him—of self-indulgence.

The first toll the steady drinker pays on his downward path is at the gate of health. He is surely and emphatically sick, though he will refuse to admit it. Congested and heated, he is either asthmatic, dyspeptic, or a sex degenerate, getting farther and farther as the years go by, from any possible chance of recovery to a normal condition. The man of sprees, on the contrary, has restored himself by his very excess, that is, if the "spell" did not kill him outright. Revulsion in the stomach and kidneys has enabled him to expel the alcohol, profuse sweating helping him along, and a reaction of desire setting in, he despises that which he formerly loved, and absolutely abstains from it, giving his vital organs an opportunity to rest and recuperate.

Both forms of dissipation, that of spreeing and that of steady drinking, are abominable, but of the two the more hopeless case by far, is that of the one who resorts to the bottle every day.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCUSES MADE BY ALCOHOLIC FIENDS.

The drinking man is "a bundle of excuses." No tongue more glib than his in apologies and reasons. The erotic glamour which alcohol produces is something dear—exceedingly dear to the drinking man. Man on the animal plane of life—and a large proportion of them are there—has one heaven for which he is ever striving, one ideal he struggles to realize, namely, nerve excitation and erotic sensation. As the normal functions become jaded he strives, by stimulants, powerful and yet more powerful, to lash on the senses to experience continually that for which there is no name. Money, time, friends, energy, family, health and heaven are sacrificed before the altar of sex desire. And nothing makes a man on this plane more miserable than to find this desire waning and its power of gratification stupefied or dead. Inanimation, local paralysis and dullness of sensation blanch his face and freeze his heart.

Then he proceeds to tell lies under the guise of excuses, choking himself with alcohol as his tongue wags, unwilling to admit the real cause of his anxiety because of some remnant left him of shame. He runs down the calendar of diseases and picks out some ailment suitable to his case, and proceeds at once to be sick. Nervous prostration from overwork is one of his apologies for taking a tonic. This ailment carries dignity and concentration in its arms; it is the ailment of the great man. So our cheap Adonis, enamoured of erotic sensations, immediately falls a victim under the advice of his imaginary physician; sucks his bottle like a great baby, and ogles the world with leery eyes for a return glance of justification.

Another debauchee, perhaps of a different build; will come down with a consumptive cough, that tickles like a devil in his bronchial tubes, and to prevent "its spreading," and to relieve congestion, he doses periodically with rock candy and old rye, under the order of Dr. John Doe. Another becomes locally paralyzed, so he claims, because of accident, and drinks to keep up his circulation, whatever that may mean; his physician, who is a "man specialist," advising to that effect. Another has dyspepsia in such gross form that his food refuses to transmute itself into blood unless alcohol is introduced with it to help the chemical process. Another is carrying a burden, something too heavy for his back—placed there by a strange providence that smuggles itself out of sight—and to keep from breaking down altogether, and defying the last straw, he combats his enemy with alcohol under expert advice of medical counsel, and so maintains himself. Another is in great financial straits, and must "go under" at once unless some strong tonic can be taken in sufficient quantities to keep his head above water, this latter fluid being, to his eyes, the quintessence of hell. Another debauchee has met with a bereavement; some member of his own or a relative's family has died. His loneliness is beyond telling. So he goes to hear a lecture "for men only," and thereupon proceeds to "drink like a fish."

And all the time these self-excusing liars are watching eagerly their waning and abused powers to discover some renewing sign and thrill that shall be a promise of the virgin potency that once was theirs. And all the time they drink fire-water in larger quantities, taxing the nerves to superhuman effort, which finally results in a collapse, bringing the debauchee at last to the very condition about which he has been shamming for, perhaps, years.

Then there is the man who is misunderstood by all with whom he comes in contact. No one seems to know just what he is driving at. It is doubtful if he himself knows. Being conscious of a partial mental fuddle he proceeds to make it as complete as possible, and loads up on cheap whisky.

Again there is the abused man, who is never in season to get a job before it is given to another. He is always anxious to tell you of his troubles so long as you will listen. He considers himself the black sheep of the family, and is very persistent in telling you about the great positions occupied by his father or brothers and the wealth his sisters have married. He can stand it only about so long. He must have his sprees, it is the only comfort he has, and he proceeds to realize at once.

Another is the man who has been horsewhipped by a woman. His chums have found it out. The event has been passed around. He does not care to meet them, and is thinking of leaving town for a short time. He has just heard of the sickness of a dear uncle in some distant city. He deems it necessary to forget as much of his past as possible before departing. He remembers his last debauch, and how completely he forgot himself. He at once seeks the nearest soul destroyer, and proceeds to get beastly drunk.

And the jilted man. She was seen by a friend going to the theater with another man, and he at once informed the lover. (It is always your friends who do the tattling for you.) The lover could not stand it. No matter how guilty of the same fault he may have been himself, it is unpardonable in the opposite sex, and it makes no difference which sex discovers the inconsistency first, it is a crime against the discoverer. It is a slight to his dignity, an undervalue of his worth, and must be avenged. Then comes his preparation for

the part of an avenger. He gets so drunk that his attorney pleads mitigating circumstances—that he does not believe he knew what he was about, so beastly drunk had he become.

Really, the drinking individual is an adept in making excuses. He is often violent and frantic about it, asserting his reason for taking intoxicants with such a voluble tongue that he is almost convincing. More than this, he will take great oaths and swear by all the powers, that his case, his particular case, is peculiar, unique, and of unmitigated severity. Alas for those who believe him, especially his kith and kin.

CHAPTER VII.

ICHOR—THE BLOOD OF THE GODS.

In our first chapter we spoke of the Blood of the Gods as "Ichor," a name used by the ancients to describe a perfect fluid conveying through the veins the divine product of ambrosia and elixir upon which they throve and feasted on the heights of Olympus. Though this is symbolic, it is nevertheless answerable for that rich specimen, the Greek man, who through cleanliness and athletics, became an object that remains the standard model of physical man even to this day. The Greek conceived of a pure blood as the stream through which flows the divine essence, and symbolized it by "Ichor"—"the Blood of the Gods."

It is hard to get away from the Greek, when one seeks a physical standard, and somehow, whatever their habits may have been, they conceived of the blood as the medium between physical externals and the internal; and upon its purity hung all possibilities of godliness or Olympic power. The modern man is no whit different from the Greek in his possibilities. The modern man may, with all due reverence to the ancient conception, have his own elixir and ambrosia and his own loving Olympus, where he may spread his feast and dine like the gods.

If all this is possible, why then is he such a beast? Because it is in a way easier to roll down hill than to climb up. He has started down grade, and finds his feet going of themselves faster and faster as he nears the bottom. While, should he turn about and make the up-climb to the mountain top, where the air is pure, he would be tired to death.

The modern man makes a servant of every available

thing that will lighten his burden, and save him from exerting undue effort. He gets electricity to haul him along the street, to save walking; he talks at a stenographer to save writing; he bottles up his voice in a phonograph to avoid repeating himself; he rides on an elevator to save climbing the stairs; he cleans his room by a compressed-air process to save housework; he burns gas to save building fires; goes to a barber to save shaving himself; takes a Turkish bath to save washing himself; more than all, the labor of digesting his food is a very great effort, so he drinks alcohol to save his stomach from overwork.

This dread of doing things worth while is the bane of man, and keeps him everlastingly in the walks of the commonplace. To get the Olympic view requires an effort, and where is he who is willing to make it? To have blood like that of the gods means a certain amount of self-denial, and where is the man who will deny himself? I wonder. Health is not cheap. If one would be strong, handsome and wholesome, he must pay a good round figure for it. He must eat pure food, when his pampered palate demands a poison. He must quaff pure drink when his tongue calls for alcohol. This to the debauched, self-indulgent, short-sighted individual requires efforts; and of all things, to make effort is what he most hates. The way to save such an individual, nine times out of ten, is to appeal to his selfishness. Present to him a picture of the delights of the heaven of a man whose blood is that of the gods. Show him what an abundance of personal gain he is capable of. Show him what physical potency will be his, what power of digestion—equal to that of the ostrich and the goat, who assimilate tin cans and oyster shells. Explain to him what transcendent capacity he will have for compelling his followers into all sorts of service. Impress upon him the fact that with the divine Ichor flowing like electricity through his veins, he charms

his wife into ecstasy—and a number of other women besides; that his children will hang upon his words, entranced, and mankind in squads and battalions will sit at his feet. Compel him into thinking that this one little effort of purifying his blood by clean and strenuous habits will result in a harvest of delights beyond your telling, and you have your man.

Vanity is a startling attribute in the make-up of a human. Appeal to that, and possibly you can metamorphose some old toper into the attitude and condition of a god. Of course, there are others, who suddenly, or slowly, come to love virtue because of its own reward. They like good blood because it is good. They like beauty because it is beauty; and no effort is too great to them if the thing in itself most sought for will but appear. Such a person is an exception to the common man. If you would have him, the common man, decent, to say nothing of godly, you must offer a reward, and a big one, too. Fortunately for him, he gets pretty low before he loses his vanity. Appeal to that, then thrill him with prospects of what he may be. Inoculate him with the lymph of conceit until he feels in his newborn ambition equal to any effort, even that of lifting himself by his boot straps. Strange, but true, as he begins to climb and breathe this air, he will find that he likes it; and strange, also, he hates the impotency of his former condition, when his stomach had to be washed out periodically with a pump, his head ducked under a faucet, and himself put to bed by a barmaid. He will discover that those were painful efforts, requiring even greater effort than the way the gods are treading. There was great effort in getting up in the morning after a night's debauch. There was great effort in getting rid of his snapping headache, with cracked ice and wet towels. There was great effort in bothering with soda and seidlitz powders. There was effort in getting things to look straight and people to act with

proper consideration for his dignity. Altogether he believes, after a short experience, that the new way is a little the easier of the two.

There is no denying it, the "Blood of the Gods" is like liquid fire. No alcohol on earth has its potency; no flowing tokay or amber whisky or beady champagne quite compares with it. With such blood in his veins, a man feels equal to anything. The whole world crawls to him. He is on Olympus, and, like Minerva, descends and ascends with golden sandals on the thunder cloud of Zeus. Obstacles are but straws in his path, which he kicks aside. Problems are feathers that he blows away with his breath. He is a god. The Ichor is running through his veins, whirling through space on the planet; king of it, and master of himself; upright as God made him; balanced and defiant; his gauntlet thrown down to the devil; he is a conqueror—a man!

